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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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JUST TO KEEP HER WORD.

"What shall I bring you when I come this way?" I asked of Margaret the other day.
"Pansies or lilies, heliotrope or rose, Or any flower that in my garden grows!"
"Oh, bring just what you like," she answered me, "I'll take whatever it may chance to be."
"You promise that?" said I. She answered, "Yes, And, sir, I always keep my promises."
Last night I came again, and when we met I said to her: "I've brought it, Margaret--The gift I promised. 'Tis not flowers, you say, Because you left the choice of it to me."
"But 'tis my heart," she promised you would take What I might bring; and now you must not break Your word to me. No, make your promise good, And do, dear girl, just as you said you would."

CAUSE OF STUNTED TREES.

The stunted, scraggy growth of the underwood in a forest is generally attributed to the fact that the smaller trees are overshadowed by the taller ones, and thus deprived of the light and air necessary to their development. But M. Grandeaun, professor of the French School of Forestry, says that this stunted growth is caused by the larger trees acting as conductors, depriving the smaller ones of electricity. To test this view, he tried an experiment.

In April, 1877, he took two tobacco plants, each weighing 3½ grammes, and having four leaves. They were both planted in boxes containing mold of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth.

But one of them had placed over it a cage, consisting of four iron rods, one metre fifty centimetres high, joined at the top and covered with wire gauze, which permitted the free circulation of air, light and water, but completely protected the plant from the action of atmospheric electricity.

They were left undisturbed until the middle of August, when the results obtained were as follows: The plant in the open air had attained a height of 3 feet 5 inches, while the other was only 2 feet 4 inches; the former weighed 270 grammes and the latter 144 grammes; when dried, their respective weights were 30 grammes and 15½ grammes.

Similar experiments made with maize and wheat gave precisely analogous results, so that M. Grandeaun has come to the conclusion that the electricity of the atmosphere is equally necessary to vegetation as sunlight and air.

AUSTIN JUSTICE.

"What!" exclaimed an Austin Justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocket-book?"

"Yes, sah."

"But it was found in your possession."

"In my what, did yer say, Judge?"

"In your possession. This pocket book was found in your pocket, sir."

"Judge, you has done told two stories about dat ar. First, yer said hit was found in my possession, and den yer 'lowed hit was found in my pocket. Bof dem yams can't be true. Ef de Judges on de bench can't tell de troof hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me got led astray."

The Justice drew a long breath, and, once more producing the pocket book, said:

"You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again, did you ever see this pocket-book before?"

"Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losing yer mind, Judge."

Remanded to jail without bail--*Texas Siftings.*

In dress trimmings, the taste for embroidery increases. The former is worked on the material in cycles, etc., like Madeira or Scotch work, and used as scanty frills and borders, and it is now seen on satins and velvets. Flounces are gathered, not killed, and the lower edge is often cut into scallops, and lined with a contrasting color.

SHE THOUGHT THE DOCTOR OUGHT TO KNOW.

A little Old City girl was taken sick, and her parents called a doctor whom she did not like.

"Are you sick, Gracie?" asked the M. D., as he bent over the little patient.

The little lady looked at him a moment in the utmost disdain, and then, in a tone of the deepest sarcasm, replied, as she turned her face from him:

"Well, I should think you ought to know. Do you suppose I am lying here in bed and taking your horrid old medicine for the fun of it?"

The doctor replied.

THEY REPEATED OF THEMSELVES.

A Pennsylvania grand jury recently indicted a man for stealing an umbrella, and later, as they came out of the jury room to go home and observed that it had come on to rain, they gazed at a lot of umbrellas that stood in a rack and muttered softly to themselves, "What a fool is he!"--*Boston Post.*

HOW THE EXPRESS BUSINESS STARTED.

I have just found an old letter, addressed to me on the 27th of October, 1838, which led to results quite overpowering in their magnitude. The writer is William F. Harnden. He tells me that he has applied for a post of conductor upon the Western railroad, and solicits my influence, as Treasurer of the road, "should you think me worthy of the office." Harnden had been selling tickets at the Worcester railroad depot, but found this occupation much too sedentary for his active nature. He was a man who wished to be moving.

For some reason, which I do not recall, Harnden did not get the conductorship; but his application brought me in contact with this lithe, intelligent young fellow, who wished to be on the go, and I suggested to him a new sort of business which, in the hands of a bright man, I thought might be pushed to success. As Director and President of the Providence railroad, I was compelled to make weekly journeys to New York, where the bulk of our stock was held. The days of my departure were well known, and I was always met at the depot by a bevy of merchants' clerks, who wished to intrust packages of business papers, samples of goods and other light matters to my care. The mail establishment was at that time utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the public. The postage was 17 cents upon every separate bit of paper, and this was a burdensome tax upon the daily checks, drafts and receipts incident to mercantile transactions. I was ready to be of service to my friends, though some of them thought my good nature was imposed upon when they found that I was obliged to carry a large traveling-bag to receive their contributions. I kept this bag constantly in sight on my journey, and, upon arriving in New York, delivered it to a man whom the merchants employed to meet me and distribute its contents. Now, it occurred to me that there was an opportunity for somebody to do, for an adequate compensation, just what I was doing for nothing. I pointed out to Mr. Harnden the collection and delivery of parcels, as well as other transportation, might be undertaken by one responsible person, for whose service the merchants would be glad to pay. The suggestion fell upon fruitful soil. Harnden asked me for special facilities upon the Boston and Providence road, which I gladly gave him, and, with the opening of the year, he commenced regular trips (twice a week, I think he made them), bearing in his hand a small valise, and that valise contained in germ the immense express business--contained it as the acorn contains the forest oaks that may come from it; but many generations are required to see the magnificence of the forests, while the growth of human enterprise extend to their wonderful maturity in one short life. Harnden's fate was that too common with pioneers and inventors. He built up a great business by steady industry, saw all its splendid possibilities, tried to realize them before the time was ripe, and died a poor man at the age of 33. In attempting to extend the express business to Europe he assumed risks that were ruinous, and the stalwart Vermont, Alvin Adams, took his place as chief in the great industry which had arisen under his hands.

—*Joshua Quincy, in the Independent.*

EVERY EGG BROKE.

A farmer, carrying a basket of eggs, tried to steal a ride on a freight train, and when he came to want to get off the train didn't stop, and so he jumped off. The train wasn't going very fast, but he didn't understand getting away from it, and so got along several somersaults and stopped against a fence, with a wrist sprained, his clothes muddled and rent, and one ear pretty nearly torn off. He got up and took an inventory of the result, and, in his despair, lifted up his voice and said: "Gosh darn the gosh darn luck, anyhow! Every gosh darned egg in the lot's broke!"--*Boston Post.*

MIDDLE-AGED TRAVELERS CAN REMEMBER

when native oysters were sold in London at 6 pence per dozen, and now they are thought cheap at six times the money, for it is a singular fact that they are at the moment dearer in London than they were in Rome when the Emperor Vitellius devoured them all day long and Cicero sustained his philosophy by swallowing scores of the Rutupine luxuries brought from the coast of Kent. At a dinner at Versailles in 1798, M. Laporte, Registrar of the Tribunal, swallowed thirty-two dozen as a preliminary to dinner, and then complained that he could never get enough. Christopher North, in the "Notes Ambrosiane," describes how the Etrurian Shepherd never "had recourse to the crust till after the lang hunder." The first fifty he devoured in their juices; pepper enabled him to get well into the second hundred, and it went hard if, with the stimulus of mustard, he could not reach the two gross. Vitellius, however, devoured 1,200 at each meal. And a certain Italian doctor is reported as having been equal to forty dozen! But this is disgusting to the true and refined gourmet of the present day. Gluttony is not real enjoyment of the table, for the delicate perceptions of the palate soon cloy. Let us be content with our modest dozen for lunch, or half-dozen before dinner, according to the custom of our generation.

JAPANESE ACTING.

The scenes in a Play-house in Japan. Prof. Morse thus describes a Japanese theater in a recent letter:

"The first time I attended one of these theaters I went at 10 o'clock in the morning. I had a lecture at 11, and several other matters of importance to attend to during the day, but for once in my life I cut my lecture, and never left the theater until 11 o'clock that night. The fighting scenes are a Chinese importation. Upon being hit, the actors fall backward with great violence and stiek their legs up in the air. I saw an actor represent one of the Samurai keeping an attacking party of peasants at bay with his fan. At last, when hard pressed by a great number of assailants armed with spears, clubs, etc., he said he must really draw his sword, and put his hand on the hilt for the purpose; whereupon the whole attacking party, thirty or forty in number, instantly fell on their backs, and stuck their legs up in the air--which token of the prowess of their upper class gave much gratification to the audience. An orchestra caged up at one side of the stage keeps up a continual accompaniment, while an individual in a similar cage at the other side furnishes a constant supply of sighs, groans and yells, appropriate to the supposed emotions of the players.

"The plays are performed by men only, women parts being acted by them; or, if women appear at all, they take all parts, both sexes never appearing in the same play.

"A foreigner who wishes to understand the ancient customs, manners and dress of the people must attend the theaters. The spectacle of harikari is performed with a ghastly fidelity to details which makes it unbearable by a person of delicate sensibilities. The theater tickets are blocks of wood a foot square. Music among the Japanese does not enter into the life of the people as with us; it is not heard at the festive nor in the temples; there are no student songs, nor does the exultation of victory find expression in music. The principal musical instruments are the samisen, a sort of banjo, played with a small ivory instrument; the koto, a harp, which rests on the ground, has movable bridges, and is played with ivory thumb-like shields upon the fingers; the sho, a bowl-shaped vessel with a number of upright reeds rising from it, with vents near the lower ends governed by the fingers of both hands, giving an effect like that of the bagpipe; and the biwa or flute."

RONAPART'S HANDWRITING

Francis I., of Austria, said of his son-in-law after the battle of Waterloo: "I always thought that man would end badly; he wrote such a villainous hand." And, indeed, it became so bad as to be almost wholly illegible. If read at all it is by guess, or that second sight which the "blind clerks" of the dead letter office are popularly supposed to possess. Much of it is represented by blanks in the transcriptions, and there are many words at the translation of which by an expert the well-tried reader of manuscript can only shake a doubting head. But this was not always so. While he was a subaltern of artillery his hand, although never good, was at least human, and clear and legible. There was a sort of correspondence between it and his simple, direct bearing of those days when he disdained personal appearance, and the long, flat, straight black hair partly hid and lengthened the hollow face, and everything about him was grave, rude, austere. He was not born to a bad hand, although, like Lamartine, Byron and many other great men, he could never learn to spell; and, after the 18th Brumaire, the laws of orography incommenced him quite as little as any others. But, no matter how bad his writing was, "La plume entre ses mains," as Lamartine wrote, "nous valut une epee."

EXPERIENCE WITH A MEDICAL REVIEW.

Some time ago one of the brightest young physicians in Chicago wrote an article for a medical review, beginning, "The recent severe winter of 1886 '87 should warn us," etc. After a long time the editor replied, asking him what he meant by "the recent winter of 1886 '87," to which "Medicus" responded that, judging from his past experience with this review, it would be 1887 when his article appeared, and he wanted it to read right when published.

GEN. BUTLER STUMPED.

A story is told of Gen. Butler's sarcastic retort upon a Massachusetts Judge, whom he was teasing for a ruling favorable to a cause he was defending in court. The Judge got out of patience at last, and somewhat testily exclaimed: "Mr. Butler, what do you think I sit here for?" The General quickly shrugged his shoulder and replied:

"The court has got me now."

VANDERBILT COULD GIVE FORTY EDITORS

\$500,000 each and then have more money than he knew what to do with. Just think how those forty editors would puff his early garden truck!--*Exchange.*

THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE MORMON CHURCH

is building a mansion costing \$100,000, and when some of the saints asked where he got the funds, he told them to shut up or prepare for hades. They don't even have to whitewash out in Utah.

PRESERVING SARDINES.

Not less than 30,000 persons are engaged in the sardine fishery in France, and fully as many find occupation in "preserving" this fish. A writer in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that in taking the sardine the bait, which is called rogne, plays an important part. This lure is a kind of caviare made from the eggs of a cod preserved in brine, 35,000 barrels of which are imported from Norway every year. When the position of a shoal is ascertained, the nets are let down and the master of the boat throws the bait, mixed with sand to cause it to sink, into the water. Emerald-green flashes on the surface of the water denote the rise of some of the fish. Then the bait is liberally cast out, and soon the whole shoal rises into the nets. At one time a boat could take 20,000 sardines, but now it is rare to bring in more than 5,000 to 6,000 at a trip. When the boats land the sardines are taken to the factories in hampers containing about 500 apiece. There women cut off the heads of the fish, open and clean the bodies, and place each fish, one by one, on stone or marble slabs, previously strewn with salt. While this preliminary drying is going on the fires are lighted and the purest olive oil is put into immense caldrons. When the oil is boiling the sardines are laid in layers in iron-wire baskets provided with handles. These baskets are plunged into the oil and their placed on shelves covered with zinc to drain. When they are moderately dry they are taken to the large drying-houses, exposed to the sea-breeze, and there they remain until they are fit to be sorted and put into boxes. The largest are considered the finest, and the small ones are frequently passed off as anchovies.

JUDGE BLACK BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The following joke is related at the expense of Judge Jerry Black while he was arguing the McGarrahan case before the Supreme Court, in Washington, some years ago:

One day, while speaking on some motion, Black discovered, at the close of a two hours' oration, that the entire bench, including the Chief Justice, was sound asleep. Much incensed, he gathered up his papers and left the room. Meeting the Chief Justice at a dinner at Secretary Fish's that evening, Black angrily commented on the occurrence.

"Why, my dear Judge," said Mr. Chase, with a surprised expression, "I thought you would be the last man on earth to object to such a thing. The fact was that all the Justices were so fatigued from the President's reception last night that this morning we consulted together and agreed to hear you on some motion or other so that we could all enjoy a good square nap. We supposed you had been on the bench for so long that you'd know how it was yourself."

"The devil you did!" said the old, flat-bottomed legal luminary.

"Yes; but you needn't alarm yourself, my dear Black. The shorthand reporter made a full memorandum of your remarks."

"Did he?" snapped the Judge.

"Why, he was asleep, too!"

"The devil he was," exclaimed the Chief Justice, very much vexed. "I always did trust that fellow. In that case, my dear Judge, we will have to rely on the janitor."

LONGFELLOW WROTE FORTY-TWO DISTINCT WORKS.

Many of them have been translated into thirteen different languages. The sale of Longfellow's works from 1839 to 1867 amounted to 325,550 volumes. From 1867 to 1882 there were sold 194,000 copies of his collected works, in four different editions. In 1881 more than 45,000 copies of his works were sold, and in the same year 15,000 copies of the "Birthday Book," edited by Miss Bates. It is estimated that in Great Britain and Ireland not less than 30,000 of his books are sold annually.

VELVET FROM WOOL.

The novel and interesting process announced some time since, in France, by which the wool on sheepskin may be transformed into velvet, is likely to prove of industrial importance. Up to the present time sheepskins, tanned with wool, have only been used for mats, linings of coats, etc., and the wool, not having been subjected to any preparation, is always matted or curled. Observing that the innumerable fibers are naturally disposed in the most regular and perfect order, peculiarly fit for velveting, an ingenious chemist conceived the idea of cleansing the skin and wool of all impurities, and of so preparing and dressing them that the hairs would be well preserved, and not entangled one with the other--the occurrence of the latter contingency being, of course, fatal to the success of the operation. After long and continuous experiments, success has been achieved, the article produced being alike beautiful and serviceable, and destined, it is thought, to become a permanent and important article of manufacture.

IT WAS A MAN FROM THE GREAT STATE OF OHIO

who unpinned the tidy form of a chair in a Washington parlor and wiped his nose on it. He thought it was a great improvement over hunting around for a handkerchief.

THE WRONG INFIRMITY.

In a certain Michigan village there lived, a decade since, a man known as Judge Simpson. No one could remember of his having served in any capacity to gain the title, but he acquired it somehow, and had dignity enough for a whole supreme bench. The Judge was an eccentric citizen, well liked, but he had a terrible bad breath. No one would ride with him, few would talk with him, and everybody wondered why he didn't eat onions for a change. No one had the courage to mention the matter, and yet something must be done or the Judge would be ostracized. In this emergency along came one of the first tramps ever seen in the State. At the first house where he called for a bite the man called him in and said:

"My friend, are you a brave man?"

"Well, I never took a back seat yet?"

"Do you want to earn \$2?"

"Try me once."

"Very well. You see that white building beside the postoffice? Go up stairs, turn to the left, and you will find a red-faced, bald-headed man called Judge."

"What I want you to do is to ask him why he doesn't chew cloves for his infirmity."

"I'll do it."

"That's all. Simply ask the question and I'll hand you the cash."

The tramp went his way, and the citizen took his station on a street corner. He saw the brave man go up, and he saw him come down. He went up gracefully enough, but when he came down he bumped every separate stair, and as he gathered himself up at the bottom a boot lifted him clear into the gutter. He started for the river on a dead run, and never stopped for half a mile. Then the citizen overtook him and asked:

"Well, was the Judge in?"

"He was!"

"And you put the question?"

"Don't I look as if I did? Say, what infirmity has he got?"

"A bad breath."

"The dence! What a fool I was! Why, I thought his infirmity was in his feet, and when he gave me that first lift I was so taken back that he got in two left-handers on my jaw before I began to fall! Two dollars! Why, I'm damaged to the extent of two millions!"--*Free Press.*

MAKING NEWSPAPERS.

"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor. "No news at all; it's miserable, stupid."

Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully-printed columns; the different headings; foreign, home and domestic news; the wit and humor. Think, for a moment, when you gaze at it, how the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these; no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out: "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the pains-taking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common saying, when a person is not exactly suited, to exclaim, "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed his to a neighbor, exclaiming, "Here, Sam, have the morning paper? There is nothing in it to-day; it is hardly worth reading."

The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. "Everything," the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does not suit the other. Be assured it is no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper; it is a very tedious, important, responsible position, and the man who manages a well-circulated, satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of a Solomon. Let those who doubt take the editor's place for a while; nothing more is needed for a grumbler. Our friend, when she is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or her silly little head.--*Philadelphia Herald.*

THE NAME OF FRELINGHUYSEN.

Secretary of State Frelinghuyesen is a nephew of Theodore Frelinghuyesen, who ran for Vice President on the ticket with Henry Clay, and was a distinguished member of what was called the "singing wing of the Whig party."

The name of Frelinghuyesen was for some time a stumper to the campaign song writers--that was a singing campaign--but was finally got over as follows:

A rooster jumped upon the fence, Just as the sun was risen, And clucked the wings and crowed, he did, For Clay and Frelinghuyesen.

The Democrats found out that it also rhymed with "pizen"--a discovery which they celebrated in verse. Mrs. Frelinghuyesen was a daughter of George Griswold, a merchant prince of New York, a man of cultivated literary tastes and the friend of Irving, N. P. Willis, and the men of letters of New York fifty years ago.

The damage done by rats on the public slaughter houses of Paris represents an annual loss to the city of 50,000 francs. It is impossible to exterminate the destructive animals. All that can be done is to thin their ranks a little now and again by organizing monster battues.

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August 1, 1882.

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For manufacturing meal and flour, is now in full operation. We will grind for customers, for the present, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, and on Court-Days and all other public days. We solicit a liberal share of patronage and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction.

Flour, Meal, Corn, Bran, Shipstuf, &c.,

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BRAND NEW GOODS,

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With one Manual, with two Manuals and Pedals, containing the most beautiful, powerful and useful combinations ever procured in reed instruments.

We invite the public attention to our large and well selected stock of PIANOS and ORGANS, and our unequalled facilities for furnishing the best class of instruments at low rates. We purchase for net cash in larger quantities than any other house in this city. The expense of our PIANO and ORGAN Department is far less than some houses doing exclusively a Piano and Organ trade. We have reached lower prices than have been tendered by any dealers in this market, and guarantee all instruments as represented. We sell on easy monthly or quarterly payments, and any instrument taken on trial, not proving as represented, may be returned at our expense. We solicit correspondence with persons desiring to purchase, and take pleasure in answering all inquiries.

JOHN CHURCH & CO.

The Republican Convention.

We were present at the republican convention held here on Wednesday, and were an attentive observer of that body, and we take pleasure in testifying to the respectable appearance of its members, and to the orderly and decorous manner in which they conducted the business before them. Every thing was done decently and in good humor, and apparently in perfect harmony, and with loud manifestations, whether genuine or assumed, of enthusiasm and confidence in a coming victory. But the pains taken by the several eloquent speakers to belittle reverses recently sustained by the party in Garrard, Lincoln, Madison and elsewhere, together with their vociferous "so-help-me-Gods" and "by-the-eternal-Gods" about carrying the flag to victory in November, to a calm spectator, did seem to betray a consciousness on their part of immediate necessity for offering consolation to the killed and wounded in the late so-called "skirmish." Whether a party which has just been whipped, routed, run over, pulverized and scattered in several counties, where they have heretofore had their own way, can be made happy and confident again by the mere declaration that their drubbings were received in a *skirmish*, remains to be seen. However that may be, we dare say there is many a mutilated and used up republican, who to-day heartily curses himself for going into that skirmish, and who will hereafter be just a little shy even about a regular battle. Getting "wore out," as these poor fellows did, while serving as skirmishers for General Bradley, is neither profitable or amusing—except to democrats.

A prominent feature of all the orations and other deliverances of the convention, was the emphatic and repeated reminder to their colored brethren of their immense and irredeemable indebtedness to the republican party for their freedom. Every orator had to "holler" into the ears of the darkies, "we set you free!" And lest this might not be sufficiently impressive, the convention unanimously resolved that they were entitled to the glory of setting them free—four millions of them. Now, we think this is a little hard on the colored man. If the republican party set him free, it did so voluntarily, and because it thought it right, and if it was right, the colored man owes nothing for it. But he is regarded and treated by the white republicans as though he had been liberated for a consideration—liberated under a solemn contract by which he is to be forever held indebted to them in such a manner that he must render perpetual service at the polls. It is not pleasant to be in debt under any circumstances, but to owe a debt which can never be paid, and to have it thrown into his face every day of his life, we insist, is a very unhappy condition for a human creature to be placed in.

But however true it may be that the republican party, as a party, did mainly contribute to the liberation of the colored race, it is unblushing hypocrisy for Kentucky republicans to claim any credit for it. For it is a historical truth that 99 out of every 100 of them were strenuously opposed to their emancipation, and that they resented as an insult every intimation that they favored it, and that they stubbornly persisted in this until forced by Northern sentiment to acquiesce in it. These very Kentuckians, who are now every day boasting of the liberation of the negro as the greatest achievement of the age, and who are claiming, yea, demanding, the abject political servitude of the black man on account of it—every one of them, with a rare exception, opposed his liberation with all their might when the question of his freedom was at its crisis.

What evidence have the Kentucky republicans given the colored man, since his liberation, that they are his special and affectionate friends? What more have they done for him than the democrats have done? Have they given him more employment, or better wages, assisted him more when in want or affliction, or in any way exhibited more genuine kindness and sympathy toward him than democrats? And how have they treated him politically in this State? What political favors have they conferred upon him, or rather what political privilege have they permitted him to enjoy, save that of voting for them? A few days ago one of these deluded men—a very decent and respectable colored man of Garrard county—was a candidate for the office of jailer, and the mere fact of his candidacy threw the entire party into convulsions, and caused such dissensions and schisms as to occasion

the total defeat of the party in that county. Does this look like genuine friendship for the negro, and a sincere desire to elevate him in the scale of manhood, on the part of the white republicans, or does it look like downright unadulterated hypocrisy?

Now and then a hollow compliment is paid to one of the race for political effect, but care is always taken that nothing of a substantial or valuable nature is given him. A notable instance of this kind was the selection of Geo. W. Gentry, of this county, as their candidate for Elector in 1881—a position without any compensation or real value whatever. And they even denied to him in that case, the privilege of acquiring such distinction as he might here, and as men in such positions always do, by canvassing the district. We venture to say there is not another instance on record where a candidate for elector failed to make a single speech during the entire campaign for which he was appointed.

Surely it is high time that these colored people were opening their eyes to the outrageous manner in which they are being duped by their alleged benefactors, and high time for them to emancipate themselves from the political slavery in which they are being held.

JOE BLACKBURN and Will Owens opened the canvass for the congressional nomination in the seventh district Monday. Blackburn led off, and his 45-minute effort was mainly a review of his service in Congress and the good things he had done for the country. Owens followed and devoted an hour to about as salty talk as windy Joe ever listened to, and it is said that he fairly squirmed in his seat. He denied that Joe had ever accomplished any good for the party, but on the contrary had done it incalculable injury by his ill advised and fire-eating expressions, which had furnished campaign capital for the speech of the enemy and given them subjects for their transparencies. He blamed him for getting into the wordy warfare with the ignoble Burbridge and for calling Senator Williams a liar and then backing out of it. Other deeds of commission as well as of omission were commented on amid the most vociferous cheers of the Owens crowd. He thought the State had had enough of the Blackburn family, and he intended, with the help of his constituency, to retire at least one of them. Blackburn had a 15 minute rejoinder, and it is said that he fairly made the room reek with the fumes of brimstone. The canvass will be a purely personal one, and as it is to last for four weeks and every day in the week except Sunday, a red-hot time is assured; and Owens will no doubt have occasion to see whether, as he charged, Blackburn does more talking and less fighting than any man in the country.

SENATOR BEN HILL, who for the last few months has suffered many deaths of cancer of the tongue, died at 6:15 A. M. Wednesday. Conscious of his approaching end, he had arranged all his earthly affairs, and anxiously awaited the summons. His last words, before choking to death, were: "Almost home," which he said in a distinct and audible tone. He was born in Georgia, in September 1823, and no other man of his State, except Stephens, has been so honored as he, having been chosen to fill nearly every office from the smallest to the greatest. He was a very successful lawyer, and had amassed a large fortune at the practice of his profession. His place will be hard to fill, for he has stood nobly by the South, on every and all occasions.

It is reported from Washington that Jay Hubbell has refused to furnish any of the corruption fund for the Chalmers bolt in Mississippi. If this is so, he has found out that Chalmers would do to waste money on, or he has put out the report himself to throw democrats off their guard. If there is the ghost of a chance for Chalmers, not only Hubbell's congressional committee, but the administration also, will throw their influence and money for him.

JACOB got only 91 votes in Morgan county, the home of Tom Henry, while the latter got 1581. This is pretty good evidence of how the people regard him at home, and is the best endorsement we ever knew. His majority in the State continues to climb as the back counties are heard from, and it will not fall short of 50,000.

THE Boston Globe says: The New York democrats have decided not to attempt the repurchase of John Kelly. As Kelly gave all the proceeds of his sale to the republican party, it does not look as if it would be particularly profitable for the democrats to pay anything for his return.

THE Bankers are in Convention at Saratoga.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Geo. Deering, grain dealer at Louisville, has assigned. Liabilities \$10,000.
—The Sprague Mansion at Canonsville, was sold at auction Tuesday, by order of the trustee, to Frank D. Moulton, of New York, for \$62,250.

—The Sultan has peremptorily ordered Arabi Pasha to lay down his arms. If he refuses, the Sultan will leave him to be dealt with by the English.

—The Governor has received another installment of the Kentucky war claim, amounting to \$36,311 81. This goes to the credit of the military fund.

—The First National Bank of Kewanee, Ill., was robbed of \$10,000 on Tuesday. The acting cashier and his lady assistant, after being gagged and left in the vault, remained confined for about an hour.

—One hundred and fifty millions of Three-and-a-half-per-cent. bonds have already been surrendered by National Banks alone, and there is every reason to believe the amount received from these banks will aggregate nearly \$180,000,000.

—General Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the authority of the Khedive, has issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, presenting the whole object of the British to restore the authority of the Khedive. It says all peaceful inhabitants will be kindly treated, mosques will be respected, and all supplies paid for. General Wolseley adds he will be glad to receive all chiefs who are disposed to assist in suppressing the rebellion.

—The convention held at Mt. Sterling by the democrats broke up in a row. There was such a fight between the Adams and Kendall factions that it took three hours to elect a permanent chairman. Finally a small faction bolted drew off from the main body, passing resolutions in favor of J. W. Kendall for Congress. The main convention, which evidently favored Matt Adams, passed a resolution calling primary precincts for the 17th to determine what candidate the Montgomery county democracy will support.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 14th, 1882.

I have been through Indianapolis a score of times, yet have never been in it until this visit. We came via the Pan Handle route from Dayton, changing cars at Richmond, which is a great annoyance at night to parties having multitudinous parcels to shift, as we had. I often think, when we travel, of Mr. Peter Magnus, on the Ipswich coach, with his portmanteau, his brown paper parcel, his leather hat box, and all the trouble they gave him. Arrived at the Indiana capital a little before midnight, and were soon in our beds at the Occidental Hotel, where we had been advised by telegram to stop. Promptly next morning, kind friends welcomed us to our new sphere of labor. Bro. Talbot, the good and plucky Methodist minister, who had the courage to offer us the use of his church, headed the welcoming party. Bro. L. G. Hay, a minister of the Presbyterian church, and a former fellow laborer with us in Northern Indiana, seconded the delegation; E. Sharpe, Esq., Banker, and Mr. Carr, both men of high positions in society, made up the quartette of receptive courtesy. It certainly does make a great difference, whether you are received with open arms, or a cold shoulder. Fancy our appreciation of it, after the forty days and forty nights in the Dayton wilderness.

And ever since our arrival, every thing has been in such violent contrast with Dayton, that we hardly recognize ourselves in the new role. What does it all mean, we ask again and again, and all that we can say is: PRAISE THE LORD. For first, and foremost and best, we have the respectful attendance and hearty support of the preachers in great numbers, and from nearly all the different denominations. They take us by the hand, they bid us "God speed," they thus encourage their people to come, and they give us unspeakable joy. Would you believe it, I am invited to the minister's meeting to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and what is more, I'm going "if the LORD wills." This answers the prayer of nearly six years standing, which I knew would be answered sooner or later.

In the second place, we are holding services in one of the very first churches in Indianapolis, in the heart of the city, not in a mission chapel, in an out-of-the-way place, where one may speak for weeks before he is known to be there at all, and then for weeks more, before he can attract a stream of hearers, seized from the worn channels where men and women are accustomed to drift from mere force of habit. This is an advantage not to be despised. And we are glad to start in at the Meridian street Methodist church, with a membership of over 600 as a nucleus of the meeting that will soon gather around that center. Thirdly, there is a glorious band of praying and working saints; the cream of all the churches, who stand ever ready to lend a helping hand to any honest faithful laborer in the vineyard of the LORD, irrespective of denominational lines. These we have, heartily, with us. These are "cups of refreshment," which we rejoice in, though never leaning on them a moment. Only the dear LORD will do to lean upon. Faith looks to Jesus, not to circumstances. We trust HIM alone for a glorious harvest. In recounting these mercies, we must not neglect mention of the "Fourth Estate"—the newspapers. The four dailies are all favorable. The Journal, (rep.) the Sentinel, (dem.) and the Times and News, (both 2-cent dailies, morning and evening) have all noticed the services most kindly and continuously.

A ride through the city the day after arrival, gave the impression, strengthened by my subsequent jaunt, that Indianapolis is a beautiful city, as elegant as Dayton, and three times as large. Meridian street, the street for residences, is only excelled by Euclid avenue, in Cleveland, among all the lovely streets I have known in American travel. The people are more like Kentuckians than any where we have been north of the river.

So things are colored de rose just now. The LORD is good. HE knows how much we could bear, and never crushes his children; only develops them, by the burdens laid on them, in measure meted to their strength and capacity. And this is ever the way:

"After the storm a calm,
After the bruise a balm,
And all brings good in the Lord's good time,
And the sigh becomes a psalm."
The "House Beautiful" with its "Chambers of Peace," facing the sun-rising" follows closely on the "Hill of Difficulty" and the grim "Lions" in the pathway. PRAISE THE LORD. We board at the Occidental Hotel, with a street-car to carry us within a square of the church, in bad weather, or a walk of five squares in good. This we prefer during this delicious October weather, which has somehow or other, crept into August. Pray for us. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Highland.

—Born to the wife of J. W. Long, a girl a few days ago.

—Mr. McNally of Michigan was at our place yesterday looking for a farm. W. R. Cook will teach school at the Maple Swamp school-house.

—Miss Robinson brought her organ to the M. E. Church last Sunday, and she and Mr. Rice, of Cincinnati gave us some nice music for the Sabbath school.

—Daniel Skidmore fell off a stump and broke his arm. On the same day H. W. Long had his leg broken just above the ankle by jumping out of a wagon during a run away. He fell in such a position that the wagon in going over a puncheon bridge jumped on his leg, crushing the bone through the skin nearly two inches. He is in a very precarious condition and his physician says amputation alone can save him. LATER.—He died Wednesday night.

CASEY COUNTY.

Liberty.

—Our School Commissioner has concluded to hold an Institute, and it will begin on the first Monday in September, and continue four or five days. Every teacher in the county is expected to attend.

—Mr. Samuel Mounts, of Hustonville, was in town last Sunday. Miss Mattie Coffey is with Miss Sallie Tanner, at McKinney, and will take in the Association. Mrs. Dodd, of Lincoln, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Cabell.

—The difficulty in which old man Milton Woods was killed was brought about by Granville Crockett drawing his knife across Woods' throat. Woods then stabbed him in the breast, the knife striking the center of the breast bone. Robert and Dock Crockett then came to the assistance of their brother, and the three shot and stabbed old man Woods until he was dead. Robert and Dock Crockett and a man by the name of Thompson, who stood by and urged the boys to kill the old man, left for parts unknown, but Dock was subsequently arrested and lodged in jail. Granville Crockett has been arrested, but is too sick to be brought to jail. He is being guarded, and James Martin, another man who urged the boys to kill the old man, has been arrested and is in jail. Trial set for Thursday afternoon.

—We gave you last week what we supposed was the result of the election. Below we give it as it really is: A. E. Richards, Judge of Supreme Court, 373; R. T. Jacobs, Clerk of Superior Court, 535; T. J. Henry, Clerk of Supreme Court, 255. For County Judge—Winston Bowman, Ind., 747; A. R. Clark, dem., 535; Capt. Raines, rep., 245. County Attorney—Silas Adams, rep., 770; W. V. Reppert, dem., 755. County Clerk—T. W. Wash, 1,460; no opposition. Sheriff—J. J. Tate, dem., 936; Dick Gibson, Ind., 575. Jailor—A. Christian, Ind., 730; W. H. Wilkinson, dem., 623. Assessor—Jasper Cochran, rep., 876; J. A. Smith, 681. Coroner—Scott Wilson, Ind., 481; J. D. Merritt, dem., 375; George Alstort, rep., 188. Surveyor—M. W. Penn, Ind., 788; A. A. Wolford, dem., 282; John Durham, rep., 327. For the school tax 668; against school tax, 543. W. H. Brown and Calvin Jeffers, both republicans, were elected Justices of the Peace in this precinct.

—Mr. Linsey Weatherford and wife, and Mrs. Vandyke and daughter, who lived on the Rolling Fork, near the Marion county line, all died with Flux last week. Quite a number of other persons in the same locality are not expected to get well. A number of our citizens have had Malarial Fever, and Marion Sweeney, Miss Cora Whipp and Miss Ella Bowman are at present confined to their beds with it. Mrs. W. W. Brown had a severe chill on the morning of the 11th, and died in about one hour afterwards, and was buried at Bush Creek Church at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 12th. She was a good Christian woman, and all who knew her loved her. Mrs. Mary Whipp composed and handed us the following verses, which are very appropriate:

Suit one to life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.
Yet, must we part, and parting, weep,
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep,
But soon we'll meet to part no more.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

—Jack Adams, Jr., sold to Col. R. J. White, of Madison, eight head of cattle for \$250.
—Don Quinn, who is charged with killing a man named Matthews at Livingston some weeks ago, was brought here Wednesday by the sheriff of Laurel county and lodged in jail. The grand jury, now in session, will investigate the killing.

—The grand jury returned two indictments for murder against James Bishop A. S. Henderson and William Hysinger. One indictment is for the killing of Mary Sigman, the other for the killing of Betty Sigman. The defendants asked for separate trials which was granted. The trial of Bishop was set for to-day (Friday).

—PERSONAL.—Miss Lou Grant, a very handsome young lady from Lancaster, is stopping with her father at the Joplin House. Hon. P. B. Thompson, Jr., was here this week shaking hands with the people. He made a decidedly pleasant impression. Among the visiting attorneys present at Court are Capt. B. F. Holman, Manchester; Judge Paul, London; Judge C. S. Martin, McKee; Judge M. C. Sauley and Hon. J. W. Alcorn, Stanford; Col. W. O. Bradley, Lancaster; Judge W. O. Hansford and F. F. Bobbitt, Crab Orchard; Judge J. D. Belden and W. S. Knott, Lebanon.

Mr. Hugh Smith, of Lancaster, and Mr. W. M. Howard, of East Bernstadt, were here this week. Judge Owens, of this county, has formed a law partnership with Col. N. D. Miles, of Nicholasville, and will leave for that place to-morrow. He had a long experience at the bar here, is a man of good business attainments, and the good wishes of the people here go with him to his new home.

—Circuit Court convened Monday morning. In the absence of Judge Owens, Judge James G. Carter was elected special judge. The grand jury was charged by Col. R. C. Warren, Commonwealth's Attorney. Judge Owens arrived Monday afternoon and has presided since. At the time of his arrival he was quite unwell, but his health has improved wonderfully since then. He is now looking and feeling better than he has been for weeks. Nearly the whole of the Commonwealth's docket has been disposed of and yet there has not been a jury trial. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Lambert Thompson, for larceny was called Wednesday and a jury selected. The case was then postponed to await the arrival of Col. T. Z. Morrow, who is the defendant's chief counsel. The case of the Commonwealth vs. W. G. Smith, for murder, was filed with leave, the principle, and in fact the only important witness for the State having gone to Texas. The Nunnely murder case from Pulaski was on yesterday's docket with poor prospects for a trial, the chief prosecuting witness being now out. The trial of the two Cobbs, now in the Stanford jail, who are indicted for manslaughter, is set down for next Tuesday. The case against Robert Randall, for murder, was continued. The grand jury have indicted Thomas Moore for manslaughter. Moore, it will be remembered, shot John Burton in a difficulty here some weeks ago. Burton has since died of his wounds. Moore has left the county.

ABUSE OF PUBLIC MEN.

The people of free countries ought to be particularly considerate of the reputation of public men who are faithful to their trusts. Such men are the people's servants, whom they have chosen, and who are doing their work. If these men go astray or prove incompetent, the dishonor rests upon those who chose them, and it is certain that the people must defray the cost of their misdeeds.

In private life a man is not respected who abuses his clerks, and has no regard for their reputations or their characters. We say that he is a scurvy fellow; that he lacks some of the qualities that are essential in a good business man. We are not surprised when his clerks prove unfaithful, or he proves unsuccessful, through poor judgment in his business undertakings.

The same principle, in a degree, applies to public men. We who selected them, who pay them, who are responsible for them, are bound to give them the fairest chance to do well. We are foolish if we do not. We are like a man who should pay a large sum for a horse, and then give him unhealthy food, or lame his fore feet.

Next to the man who ill-treats a woman, we despise the American citizen who treats a public man with personal disrespect, for mere party reasons. Why do we so universally abuse a man who abuses a woman? Because a man is physically stronger than a woman, and, ordinarily, she cannot defend herself.

No more can a President, or a Cabinet Minister, or most public officials. Etiquette commonly closes their mouths against the most brutal calumny. They stand as public targets, open to the shot of every passer-by who has malice in his heart.

Mind, we are now speaking of personal abuse only. Let there be the frankest and strongest criticism of public men as public men. If their measures are unwise or ill-timed, let the fact be stated with all needful emphasis and iteration. If there is good reason for thinking them corrupt their conduct should be probed and investigated. But while a public man is apparently trying conscientiously to do his duty every good citizen should regard an abusive personal attack upon him as an offense against himself.

Upon this point we will relate two small anecdotes. We noticed a while ago upon a friend's table, in a distant city, a copy of the weekly edition of the London Times. Seeing our look of curiosity, he said:

"Yes, I take the Times. I prefer to get my news now by way of London. I can afford to take only one newspaper, and in this one I have my news without any 'personalities.'"

Our other incident also occurred in a Western city. A gentleman retired from business was asked to become a candidate for election to Congress. His reply, in substance, was this:

"You know how our public men are abused, and why they are abused. Now, if I should accept your nomination, I might stand the abuse myself, but I do not want my children to read every morning in the papers that their father is a scoundrel or a fool."—Youth's Companion.

LITERALLY NO.
A young fellow riding down a steep hill, doubting if the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was dithering and asked if it was hard at the bottom.
"Aye," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you."
But in half a dozen steps the horse sank up to the saddle-girths, which made the young gallant whip and spur and utter oaths.
"You rascal," said he to the ditherer, "didst thou not tell me that it was hard at the bottom?"
"Aye," said the ditherer, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

PROFESSIONAL.
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8.00 SUITS AT 6.00
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\$3.50 LADIES' SHOES AT \$3.00
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2.50 LADIES' SHOES AT 2.00
2.00 LADIES' SHOES AT 1.50

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2.00 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.50
1.75 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.35
1.50 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.25
1.25 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.00

\$4.00 STRAW HATS AT \$3.50
3.00 STRAW HATS AT 2.75
2.00 STRAW HATS AT 1.50
1.50 STRAW HATS AT 1.00
1.00 STRAW HATS AT .75
.75 STRAW HATS AT .50

Boys' and Youths' Clothing, Shoes and Hats in Same Proportion.

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THE COW-BOY.

A Chapter on This Interesting Product of the Western Cattle-Range.

The cow-boy of the great West is a distinct character and type of frontiersman, produced by the Texas cattle trade which began in Kansas soon after the war, with headquarters at Abilene, Kan. The trade originated from the necessity of having a good shipping point for cattle near the Missouri river, and at the same time contiguous to unlimited range, and, although since that time, as railways have been built, the cattle trade has shifted over the State, the cowboy, while increasing in numbers, has lost none of that distinctive character and method which has made his name a terror upon the frontier and linked him inseparably with all new cattle towns in the West. His reckless daring and devilry have marked out for him a distinct and startling place in the history of the border. After a new town has got a good fair start and begins the boom, it only needs a cowboy raid to open a first-class and well-stocked graveyard. The cowboy has no hopes of heaven or fear of hell.

Yet the real employment of the cowboy is innocent enough, and consists of riding a small, wiry mustang of bucking proclivities, and following an immense herd of cattle over an unlimited range, his special duty being to see that none of the cattle stray away, and to steal any stray animals which may be unbranded and brand them with his employer's name. When sober he naturally shuns civilization. He pursues his herds upon the plains of Western Kansas, among the gentle slopes of the Cherokee country, in the Indian Territory, along the lonesome deserts of the Panhandle, amid the foothills of Colorado, and in the wilds of New Mexico and Arizona, mired to the saddle, exposed to all kinds of weather, and all sorts of people, from the Greaser to the Apache. To all appearances the cowboy is "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled spurs or cut a throat." But when their pay-day comes, and they reach the nearest town and imbibe some of their "liquid crime," then stand from under, for then they fight, gamble and shoot at friend or foe.

The typical cowboy wears a white hat with a gilt cord and tassels, high top boots, leather pants, a woolen shirt, a coat and vest. On his heels he wears a pair of jingling Mexican spurs as large around as a teacup. When he feels well (and he always does when full of what he calls "Kansas sheep-dip"), the average cowboy is a head man to handle. Armed to the teeth, well mounted, and full of their favorite beverage, the cowboys will dash through the principal streets of a town, yelling like Comanches. This they call "cleaning out a town." After repeating this operation several times, and before the stamped recover to repel the attack, they dash away and are seldom, if ever, captured. All frontier towns that have ever had any Texas cattle trade have had this same experience. In 1874 the cowboys in large numbers attempted to raid Wichita, and were only driven off by a very determined resistance on the part of our shotgun brigade. For a long time the cowboys held possession of the town of Abilene, Kas., until Wild Bill, the Indian fighter and scout, became Marshal of the town. Wild Bill killed six of the most desperate cowboys of Abilene in a single night. Thereafter he was respected and feared by the cowboy element. Wild Bill was at last murdered by a cowboy, who got the drop on him, and died as he had lived, "with his boots on."

The way of publishing a work in ancient Rome was this: The author placed a copy of it in the hands of transcribers, called librarii, who wrote out the required number of copies. These transcribers, who are equivalent to modern printers, passed the copies over to certain artists, called librarii, who ornamented them with fanciful titles, margins and terminations.

LONGFELLOW'S COURTSHIP.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched, he became attached to her; but the beauty of 16 did not sympathize with the poet of 36, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus folded he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away; they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart, and they went to live at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE EXAGGERATION OF THE REMOTE.

Of all the ways in which the imagination has distorted the truth there is none that has worked so much harm as an exaggerated respect for past ages. This reverence for antiquity is repugnant to every maxim of reason, and is merely the indulgence of a poetic sentiment in favor of the remote and unknown.

The marvelous feats of antiquity which the Sanscrit books abound are so long and so complicated that it would occupy too much space to give even an outline of them; but there is one class of these singular fictions which is well worth attention, and admits of being briefly stated. I allude to the extraordinary age which man was supposed to have attained in former times. A belief in the longevity of the human race at an early period of the world was the natural product of those feelings which ascribed to the ancients an universal superiority over the moderns; and this we see exemplified in some of the Christian and in many of the Hebrew writings. But the statements in these works are tame and insignificant when compared with what is preserved in the literature of India. On this, as on every subject, the imagination of the Hindus distanced all competition. Thus, among an immense number of similar facts, we find it recorded that in ancient times the duration of the life of common men was 80,000 years, and holy men lived to be upward of 100,000. Some died a little sooner, others a little later; but in the most flourishing period of antiquity, if we take all classes together, 100,000 years was the average. Of one King, whose name was Yudhishtir, it is casually mentioned that he reigned 27,000 years; while another, named Alarka, reigned 66,000. They were cut off in their prime, since there are several instances of the early poets living to be about half a million. But the most remarkable case is that of a very shining character in Indian history, who united in his single person the functions of a King and a saint. This eminent man lived in a pure and virtuous age, and his days were, indeed, long in the land; since when he was made a King he was 2,000,000 years old; he then reigned 6,300,000 years; having done which he resigned his empire and lingered on for 100,000 years more.

The same boundless reverence for antiquity made the Hindus refer everything important to the distant periods and they frequently assign a date which is absolutely bewildering. Their great collection of laws, called the "Institutes of Menu," is certainly less than 3,000 years old; but the Indian chronologists, so far from being satisfied with this, ascribed to them an age that the sober European mind finds a difficulty even in conceiving. According to the best native authorities, these institutes were revealed to man about two thousand million years before the present era.

All this is but a part of that love for the remote, that straining after the infinite, and that indifference to the present, which characterize every branch of the Indian intellect. Not only in literature, but also in religion and in art, this tendency is supreme. To subjugate the understanding, and exalt the imagination, is the universal principle. In the dogmas of their theology, in the character of their gods, and even in the forms of their temples, we see how the sublime and threatening aspects of the eternal world have filled the mind of the people with these images of the grand and terrible, which they strive to reproduce in a visible form, and to which they owe the leading peculiarities of their national culture.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

There are two Congressmen now serving who commenced life as pages in the national House, and a Senator whose start in life was as a page in the Senate. The Congressman are Townshend, of Illinois, and Wise, of Virginia. The Senator is Gorman, of Maryland.

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there n'er a King we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I ken o' a King that your Majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' Heaven."

"The King o' whur, Sandy?"

"The King o' Heaven."

The Scottish King did not understand, he became attached to her; but the beauty of 16 did not sympathize with the poet of 36, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus folded he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away; they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart, and they went to live at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

There is a decided change for the better—when he loses.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The different buildings that make up what is known collectively as the Tower have all histories, and all bloody ones. There is nothing but blood connected with it. The identical headman's block is carefully preserved, with the ax he used and the mask he wore when engaged in his delightful duty. The ax is shaped very like a butcher's cleaver, and the mask about the most fiendish face that a devilish ingenuity could devise. Ugly and devilish as it is, it was probably an improvement on the face it concealed. You are shown the thumb-screws and rack. The thumb-screws would extort a confession from a dead man; and the rack—well, that is something inconceivably devilish. You are laid in a box; ropes on windlasses are tied to your ankles and hands; then the windlasses are turned, inch by inch, till your joints are dislocated. After enduring the rack and answering questions the way they desired, for a man in that apparatus would say anything for a moment's respite, you are hurried to the block for fear you may repent as soon as you get out of it. Then what was said in the rack was put upon record as a testimony on which to rack and behead other people. Those were the "good old days of Merrie England."

During the reign of Edward III, 600 Jews were imprisoned in the dungeons of the Tower for "adulterating the coin of the realm." The trouble with these Jews was, they had too much of the coin of the realm, and Edward too little. The chronicler goes on to say that so strong was the prejudice of the King against these people that he banished the race from England; but, with the thrift that distinguished Kings of that day, he compelled them to leave behind them their immense wealth, which he gobbled, and their libraries, which, as he couldn't read, he had no use for, and they went to the monasteries. I suppose he sold them by the pound to the monks who could read.

A large part of the great building is now used as a great national armory. Stored within its walls are 90,000 rifles, of the latest and most improved patterns, all in perfect order, even to the oiling, and ready for use at a moment's notice. England is always ready for war. It would be a quick nation that could catch her napping. These numerous weapons looked cheerful by comparison with the barbarous tools the old English used. After looking at the battle-axes and flails and lances, it would seem to be a comfort to be merely shot to death with a Martini-Henry rifle. One could feel some sort of comfort in going out via decent rifle-ball.

The guards of the Tower are the famous "Beefeaters," and are all habited in the uniform of the time of Henry VII, who instituted the corps. The present yeomen are all old soldiers, who have distinguished themselves, and a very pleasant time they have of it. They don't have to drag women to the block by the hair of their heads any more, but spend most of their time in standing around listlessly and eating hand sandwiches, which is certainly better than their ancient employment.—*Nashy.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT once degraded an officer of distinction by removing him to an inferior situation. He some time after asked the officer how he liked his new office. "It is not the station," replied the officer, "which gives consequence to the man, but the man to the station. No situation can be so trifling as to not require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties." The monarch was so pleased with his answer that he immediately restored the officer to his former rank.

A PHILADELPHIA reporter interviewed the prize-fight woman, whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she proudly replied: "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest 'large lady' on exhibition."

LITERATURE FOR PRISONERS.

The prisoners in the Austin jail requested the jailer not long since to get them some books to read. The jailer, being a kind-hearted man, procured a mixed lot of old books at an auction room, and proceeded to divide them out, while the prisoners were assembled in the jail yard.

"Here is a book for you," he said, giving it to a man who was in for murder. The prisoner looked at it, shook his head, and handed it back. It was "Dr. Smith's Diseases of the Throat."

The next one got a small pamphlet. He was in for horse-stealing, but he thought the jailer meant something personal, as the title of the book was: "Hints How to Raise Fine Stock."

Still another, who is indicted for robbing the mail, got a copy of the "Postal Guide," while a gentleman who is accused of imitating another's signature drew: "How to Write a Good Hand in Ten Lessons."

They handed the books back to the jailer, and said they preferred a bunch of old exchanges, as then they could pick out the items they wanted to read.—*Texas Siftings.*

OSCAR WILDE does not think much of American humor, and we do not wonder. It takes brains to appreciate American humor, because American jokes are not interspersed with italics and quotation marks, and followed by a long explanation, showing where the laugh ought to come in.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE poet who asserts that life is but a dream was never called in to help move the clock over or get a barrel of cider down cellar.

REMARKABLE GAS WELL.

In the spring of 1881, C. A. & D. Cornmen were drilling a wildcat well at Clarendon, Pa., when, at a depth of a little more than a thousand feet, they encountered a powerful vein of gas. Drilling was continued only about five feet in the gas sand, as it was very difficult to make much progress under the circumstances. All the sand rock cut by the drill was thrown out as soon as loosened from the main body of rock. Chunks the size of hens' eggs were sent up through the derrier as though shot from a cannon. All idea of an oil well was abandoned, and a project was inaugurated for utilizing the enormous amount of gas for light and fuel. A gas company was formed, with sufficient capital stock to make the venture a success. A charter was obtained, and a pipe line laid to Clarendon, a distance of three and a quarter miles. The well is now furnishing fuel to twenty-six drilling wells, three pumping wells, one hundred and twenty-five stoves, two machine shops, and two pump stations. This gas is dry, containing no oil, gasoline or water, and has never frozen on any part of the line, although the pipe is, in many places, exposed to the weather. An effort was made at one time to test the pressure, and the stopcock could not be turned more than half-way round, when the indicator would fly as far as possible, showing two hundred pounds to the square inch. It was feared that the casing would be torn to pieces if the investigations were pushed further, therefore it is not known what the actual power of the gas is. The nearest oil wells are nearly two miles away, and they are very small, so the territory in the neighborhood will not be drilled, which will give the gas well a long lease of life.—*Petroleum Age.*

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

Having moved to Nicholasville, I will sell privately my farm, containing about ONE HUNDRED ACRES. On the Danville & Stanford Pike, about 3 1/2 miles from Danville. The place is in a good state of cultivation; all in grass except about 20 acres; that to go in small grain. The house is in good repair and contains 7 rooms, also pantry, wood-house, cistern at the door, smoke-house, ice-house, flower-pit, all new barn, corn-crib, cypress-bath, granary, etc. Also, as fine fruit of every description as any one wants apples, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, dandelions, almost any thing you can want. Plenty of stock water. In sight of school-house, one mile from blacksmith shop, two miles from water mill. Unusually healthy place for the doctor. In 15 years never paid a doctor's bill. I refer you to MRS. M. Lillard, B. M. Linney, W. H. Gentry, also Sam Johnson, who lives on the place, and Thomas Metcalf, Stanford. Address 67 Nicholasville, Ky.

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STATIONS. Day Ex. Night Ex. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.

Lvs. Cincinnati..... 8:45 3:30 8:45
" Georgetown..... 11:55 8:40 11:55
" Lexington..... 12:42 9:25 12:42
" Nicholasville..... 1:29 10:12 1:29
" High Bridge..... 2:16 10:59 2:16
" Danville..... 3:03 11:46 3:03
" Junction City..... 3:50 12:33 3:50
" Somerset..... 4:37 1:20 4:37
" Point Burdette..... 5:24 2:07 5:24
" Rockwood..... 6:11 2:54 6:11
" Springfield..... 6:58 3:41 6:58
Arr. Chattanooga..... 7:45 4:28 7:45

Lvs. Chattanooga..... 8:32 5:15 8:32
" Spring City..... 9:19 6:02 9:19
" Rockwood..... 10:06 6:49 10:06
" Point Burdette..... 10:53 7:36 10:53
" Junction City..... 11:40 8:23 11:40
" Danville..... 12:27 9:10 12:27
" High Bridge..... 1:14 9:57 1:14
" Nicholasville..... 2:01 10:44 2:01
" Lexington..... 2:48 11:31 2:48
" Georgetown..... 3:35 12:18 3:35
Arr. Cincinnati..... 4:22 1:05 4:22

ALABAMA GREAT SOUTHERN. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.

Lvs. Chattanooga..... 8:00 4:30 8:00
" Atlanta..... 9:30 6:00 9:30
" Birmingham..... 11:00 7:30 11:00
" Tusculoo..... 12:30 9:00 12:30
Arr. Meridian..... 1:00 10:00 1:00

Lvs. Meridian..... 2:30 11:30 2:30
" Tusculoo..... 4:00 1:00 4:00
" Birmingham..... 5:30 2:30 5:30
" Atlanta..... 7:00 4:00 7:00
Arr. Chattanooga..... 8:30 5:30 8:30

VICKSBURG AND MERIDIAN. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.

Lvs. Vicksburg..... 8:00 4:30 8:00
" Meridian..... 9:30 6:00 9:30
" Vicksburg..... 11:00 7:30 11:00
Arr. Vicksburg..... 12:30 9:00 12:30

Lvs. Vicksburg..... 1:00 10:00 1:00
" Meridian..... 2:30 11:30 2:30
" Vicksburg..... 4:00 1:00 4:00
Arr. Vicksburg..... 5:30 2:30 5:30

MAVSVILLE DIVISION. A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M.

No. 13 Lvs. Lexington 5:00 Arr. Mayville 8:30 pm
No. 14 " Mayville 5:45 am " Lexington 9:25 am
No. 15 " Lexington 10:30 am " Mayville 1:00 pm
No. 16 " Mayville 12:30 pm " Lexington 3:15 pm

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